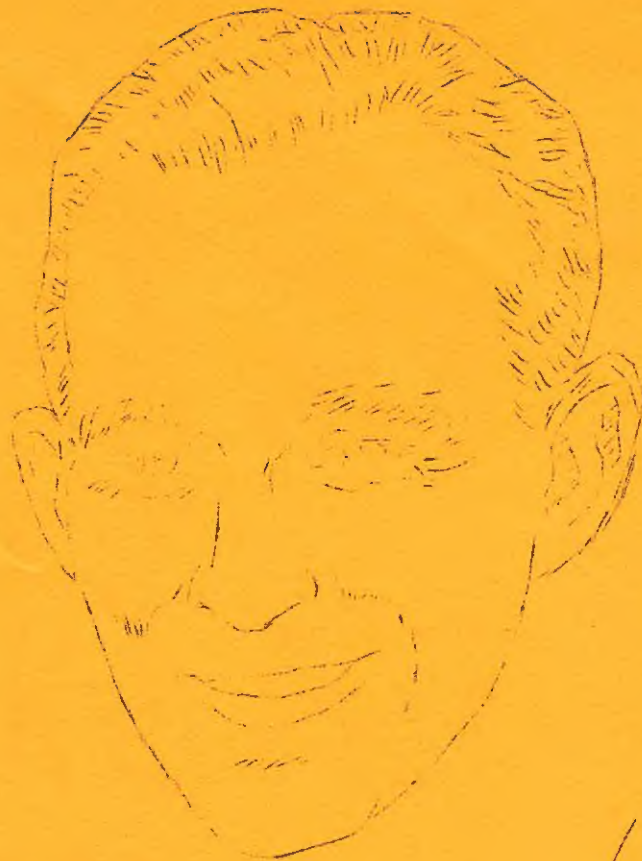


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A CLUB CROSBY PRESENTATION

Editor...Rena Albanesi...128 Kimball Terrace, Yonkers 4, New York
 Pen Pals...Pat Sullivan, 3134 North 53rd. Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisc.
 West Coast Rep...Priscilla Koernig, 349 Banks Street, San. Fran., Calif.
 Mimeo...(Mrs.) Iris Cummiskey, R.F.D. #1, Greenbush Road, West Warwick,
 Rhode Island

Send all material for publication to the editor except
 when otherwise indicated.

CLUB OFFICERS

HONARARY PRESIDENT - BING CROSBY

HONARARY VICE-PRESIDENT - LARRY CROSBY

9229 Sunset Blvd., 7th. Floor, City National Bank Building,
 Los Angeles 69, California

Active President...Rena Albanesi, 128 Kimball Terrace, Yonkers 4, N.Y.
 Active Vice-President...Mary Maloney, 586 Adams Avenue, Elizabeth, N.J.
 Southern Cross Branch...(Mrs. Thelma Hardie, 11 Gossett Street, St.
 Albans, Christchurch 1, New Zealand

We are associated with "The British Crosby Society" - (Co-Presidents)
 Jack Manners - 8, Jardin Street - Camberwell, London, S.E. 5, England
 Frank Murphy - 45, Ferndale Avenue, Wallsend, Northumberland, England

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A Pink Label, and an X on the label, means your membership expires
 with this issue of Bingang.

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NOTES FROM RENA

Once again here we are with another issue of, "Bingang". "Thank You", to those of you who have acknowledged your December issue. I do wish all of you would do so.

Well, the most important news concerning Bing was his operation in late January. It was surprising news to most of us, but he is coming along fine. You will find a letter from him on page three, and a "Thank You" note on page four for cards I sent him during his convalescence. On this same page there is a "Thank You" letter from Kathryn for a birthday card sent her in the club's name.

The golf tournament was also seen on television in most cities. A few interesting clippings start on page twenty-eight, along with a snap, which appeared in the January 16th. issue of the Monterey Peninsula Herald. All of the clippings also come from this newspaper. You will also find some news of the tournament in Priscilla Koernig's article, page twenty-two. She of course, attended the tournament in person. There is also a small bit by Pat Quyle, page twenty-four who also attended, she is lucky living right in Pebble Beach.

Bing's television appearances both on his own show of December 24th, and Dinah Shore's of February 17th. were both most enjoyable. Some reviews of both shows start on page twenty-five. There is talk that Bing would like to appear on a weekly anthology series.

I wanted to dedicate this issue of, "Bingang" to Kathryn. Most of you have probably read the article in the March, 1963 issue of Good Housekeeping, entitled, "Bing and I", by Kathryn. I have put it in this issue, for those of you who have not seen it, but most of all, because the story is in her own words, telling of her life with Bing, her hopes, dreams, ambitions for herself, Bing and their children. I'm sure you will all enjoy it, even though you may have already read it. It starts on page fourteen. The first snap with this, was with the article, the one on page twenty came to me from the Crosby Office, taken while the family was in Hawaii. At the end of this article, is a prayer Kathryn says for her children. This appeared in the January, 1962 issue of Modern Screen.

On page seven is another article on Mrs. Crosby, "Mrs. Bing Crosby, Student, Nurse", which appeared in the March 12th. issue of Look magazine, along with the snap. I hope you will enjoy this tribute to Kathryn.

There is also an interesting article on this issue entitled, "Bing Tells on Bob - Bob Tells on Bing", I don't think this was seen by too many of you. It appeared in the "Music Journal", September, 1962 issue. It starts on page ten.

Due to the newspaper strike here in New York, most of the clippings here come from out of town newspapers, which we New Yorkers were able to purchase. The strike is now settled, but we have not as yet gotten our papers back, except for the New York Post, which came back about two weeks ago.

I guess that's about all I have to say for this trip, I do hope you will enjoy this issue of, "Bingang", with Bing really taking things easy these days, it was quite a job trying to put together an issue. Once again thank you to all of you who have rejoined us once again, and hope you will continue to enjoy your stay with us.

And now a welcome to our new members, and hope they'll be with us for a long time.

Bing-cerely,

Rena

NOTES FROM RENA.....Cont'd.

United States

Joan Coughlin - 53 Wendell Street - Cambridge 38, Massachusetts
Nancy Aslanian - 395 27th. Avenue - San Francisco 21, California
Judy Grochmal - 335 Saybrooke Street Street - Hartford 6, Connecticut

NEW ZEALAND

Mrs. Jean Field - Duvauchelles Bay - Canterbury - Banks Peninsula -
New Zealand
Mrs. H. Richardson - 6, Newcastle Street - Invercargill - Southland
New Zealand

Australia

Mrs. L.E. Ridley - 23, Austin Crescent - Pascoe Vale - Victoria
Australia
Mr. Larry Malady - 73, Gladstone Avenue - Wollongong, N.S.W.,
Australia
Claire Penny - 5, Charlotte Street - Echucha, Victoria, Australia
Mrs. Gloria Haddock - 15, Charmaine Street - Moorooka, Brisbane -
Queensland, Australia
Syd Smyth - No. 1 Brandon Street - Clovelly, N.S.W., Australia
Mrs. Elsie Jackson - Colchester Road - Bayswater, Melbourne -
Victoria, Australia

Bing Crosby
~~Hollywood~~

February 27, 1963

Dear Rena:

Thanks for your note recently received. Happy to learn that you enjoyed the Dinah Shore telecast. I hope you had a chance to see it in color, because they had some real pretty sets, and she wore some lovely clothes, which of course were vastly enhanced by the use of color.

She has a wonderful production staff. Having been on television for so many years, she has been able to put together quite a unit. Particularly valuable is Ticker Freeman, who has been her accompanist and musical adviser for many years - I guess, almost since Dinah started out as a single, after leaving band work. So it was a pleasant chore, working with people like this.

The reaction to the show has been uniformly good, I've run into quite a few people who said they enjoyed it, and the critical consensus was fine. So we were pleased that we took on the job.

I have been out of the hospital now a couple of weeks, and I'm feeling fine again. Takes quite a while to regain your full strength, but I've been going into the office in the afternoons and doing other little chores, increasing the work load a little bit every day, so I think in a short time I'll be as good as new.

Please give my best to all of the "Bingang". Warmest regards to yourself -

As ever,

Bing Crosby

BC:lm

Miss. Rena Albanesi
128 Kimball Terrace
Yonkers 4, New York

Handwritten initials or signature in the top left corner.

November 30, 1962

Miss Rena Albanesi
128 Kimball Terrace
Yonkers 4, New York

Dear Rena:

What a thoughtful birthday card you sent me. My nursing is plugging along very slowly, but with your encouragment and the knowlege that my horiscope is behind me we will finish and succeed.

Very best wishes,

Kathryn
Kathryn Crosby

Dear Friend:

Thank you for your message of good cheer when I was in the hospital. Nice to know that someone's thinking about you when things look bleak.

Always yours,

Rena

BIRTHDAY LIST

May 6

Mary Maloney

May 8

Christina Gibb - 352 Summer Avenue - Newark 4, New Jersey

June 10

Jack Manners - 8 Jardin Street - London, S.E. 5, England

June 15

Rena Albanesi

June 27

Nancy Aslanian - 395 27th. Avenue - San Francisco 21, New York

June 30

Florence Van Brock - 1226 Lami Street - St. Louis 4, Missouri

July 1

Rosalee Coy - 714 Hill Avenue - South San Francisco, California

July 7

Jean-Paul Frereault - 1541 Iena Street - Chome Dey, P.Q. - Montreal, Canada

July 8

Thelma Hardie

July 14

Harry Fulmer - 21 State Street - Suffern, New York

August 8

Priscilla Koernig

August 14

Mildred Hubschmitt - 34-49 89th. Street - Jackson Heights, New York

May 2 - Bing

June 27 - Gary Crosby

August 8 - Harry Jr.

Crosby Office

SNAP LIST

10¢ each

432. Bing as Santa Claus - 1955

437. Bing, Ingrid Bergman, "Bells of St. Mary's" - 1945

438. Bing in, "Country Girl" - 1954

439. Bing alone - 1955

440. Bing alone with "Nativity Scene" - "Say One For Me" - 1959

441. Bing alone - "Say One For Me" - 1959

442. Bing, Tuesday Weld, Richard Breymer - "High Time" - 1960

443. Bing alone, "High Time" - 1960

444. Bing, Mary Martin - Christmas Show - 1962

445. Bing, Dixie Gary - 1933

446. Crosby family - 1938

447. Bing and Dixie - 1939

448. Crosby family - 1940

449. Bing and Dixie - 1942

450. Bing and Dixie - 1946

451. Bing alone - 1951

453. Bing, Tex, Kathryn, Mary Frances, Bob Crosby - 1962

454. Kathryn at airport on way to Florida - 1963

455. Kathryn alone modeling in Florida - 1963

457. Bing alone at Pebble Beach with golf club - 1963

458. Bing at an Estey Electronic Organ - 1963

459. Bing in an automobile at Pebble Beach - 1963

460. Bing leaving the hospital - 1963

461. Bing, Dinah Shore, Al Hirt, Dinah's Show - 1963

463. Kathryn with fish caught (first marlin) - 1963

Well Members, here it is time for my Report, the first for 1963. Hope you all had a Happy Christmas and enjoyed the holiday season.

I am pleased that renewals are coming in so regularly, and a big WELCOME to our new members. Do hope they are all enjoying their association with our Club, and will be with us for a long time. Thank you for your kind letters and good wishes, these are much appreciated.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all of you who sent me Greeting Cards and Gifts at Christmas time.

Now that the Festive Season is over and the pretty cards have served their purpose, you won't forget the Missions in India, will you? Any cards or used stamps will be gratefully received. Please make sure the stamps are not torn and that the cards are left intact. Besides marking your parcel with your name and address, you should also mark it "Unsolicited Gift" from "The Club Crosby" so that the Missions will know our Club has not forgotten them. Each year our members have willingly supported this worthy cause, so please do your best. The address is: REV. FATHER P. D'CRUZ, OUR LADY'S SHRINE ARSIKERE (MYSORE STATE) INDIA.

As you all know it is Bing's birthday on May 2nd., so members, do please remember him on that day by trying to have some of his recordings played, either on Request Sessions or any other programmes best suited to your radio stations. I will be sending him a small gift on your behalf.

It was with regret we learnt that Bing had been in the hospital, but we are pleased to know that he is now making a good recovery. I sent him a card on your behalf.

Bing's television show with Mary Martin as guest artist has been telecast throughout Australia and New Zealand and was very well received. These two famous stars of Hollywood and Broadway entertained us with an hour of musical variety.

We are still anxiously waiting the release of, "Road to Hong Kong", hope it will be seen over this way soon. It is receiving excellent reviews, so should have successful seasons both in Australia and New Zealand.

There is not much news to report on our travellers this time, except that Margaret Dix (Vic. Aust.) is now in San Francisco. We wish her a very happy tour, and hope she will have the opportunity of meeting many of our American Club members.

Well members, it is time for me to say goodbye. In conclusion I would like to remind you once again about your dues. Australian members please send a "money order" for \$1.49, direct to Rena, and New Zealand members please send 10/- to me, and I will arrange for Rena to receive it. I hope for your co-operation in this matter.

With best wishes to all.

"Bing-cerely"

Thelma

Anyone interested in purchasing, "Bing's Hollywood Discography", the price to Club Crosby members would be \$1.00, also included would be 4 postcard scenes from the films. This is available through, "The British Crosby Society". Please write to Frank Murphy - 45, Ferndale Avenue - Wallsend - Northumberland, England.

Fellow who listened to the radio all through the holidays has concluded they invented Christmas for Bing Crosby.
(Newark Star-Ledger)

December 26, 1962



Student Nurse
Kathryn Crosby

After six years of work, Kathryn Grant Crosby, 29, is within sight of her goal—a diploma in nursing, which she hopes to earn by early 1964. As a student nurse she spends mornings in the medical and surgical wards of Queen of Angels Hospital, Los Angeles covering the whole range of a nurse's duties—from feeding patients to assisting at operations. From childhood, she considered nursing the best way to help people. It is still, says Mrs. Crosby, "a joy and a fulfillment; you get so much satisfaction from helping patients that you come away feeling almost selfish."

She is a nurse with time off for babies and a career.

"Bing bet me I'd never make it, when I started nursing," Mrs. Crosby says, "and calls me 'Flo' for Nightingale. Becoming a nurse has taken me twice as long as anyone else because I've had time off for three babies, for movies and for trips with Bing." She appreciates the nursing school's policy, which permits married women to enroll and allows them to take leaves of absence for maternity or their careers. "I know so many productive young women who marry early, have their children, then don't want to sit at home. To them as to me, nursing is important."

(Look)

March 12, 1963

Mrs. Bing Crosby, who'll soon graduate as a registered nurse, will appear on Ben Casey (as a nurse, of course).

(Newark Evening News)

March 6, 1963

JUST BITS OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE

ABC is moaning, President Kennedy messed up one of the big promotions. The TV network arranged a score of phone interviews for Bing Crosby with TV writers across the country to ballyhoo his December 24 special. Then Kennedy borrowed Bing's Palm Springs home for this weekend. The Secret Service took over, and the telephone people started installing 34 lines for Kennedy's use, including one direct to the White House. Bing can't get near his own phone, mail to him is being rerouted, and his own brother-manager has been unable to get him by phone. Crosby agreed to the interviews after urging by ABC's Carroll Nye, an old Crosby pal, who was an actor in "Gone With the Wind."

(World Telegram & Sun) December 7, 1962

JFK's, Crosbys Give Seminary Electric Organ
President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy and the Bing Crosbys have their names inscribed on a special Christmas gift. The two famous families are presenting an, Estey electronic organ to St. John's Seminary College, Camarillo. The Reverend John Cremins, director of music for the Catholic Archdiocese of Los Angeles, accepted the gift in special ceremonies today in the Chancery Office, 1531 W. Ninth Street. The organ which will bear a gold plate with the names of the donors, will arrive in Camarillo tomorrow.

(Los Angeles Herald) December 24, 1962
(Submitted by Edward Rice) 647 Lanny Avenue - LaPuente, California

Organ Given By JFK, Bing - Kennedy-Crosby Gift Organ Heard
Camarillo, Calif., Dec. 25 (UPI) - A new organ donated by President Kennedy and singer Bing Crosby provided music for Christmas Mass on Tuesday at St. John's Seminary College. The President asked that the organ be given to some worthy organization in his name after Crosby offered it as a gift to the Kennedys. The seminary at which 325 students are studying for the priesthood was selected by Crosby.

(Philadelphia Inquirer) December 26, 1962

The San Francisco Chronicle reproduced an old front cover ad by Paul Whiteman in the January 4, 1928 Anniversary Number of Variety to caption "Rhythm Boy' Dies." This referred to singer-songsmith Harry Barris' death in Burbank, California, at 57, following a long illness. Barris authored "Mississippi Mud" and "I Surrender Dear" among other tunes. The P. 1 Whiteman ad shows "Pops" at the helm of "his greater orchestra" and likenesses of his nine men, listed as follows: Harry Barris, Bix Beiderbecke, Matt Malneck, Bing Crosby, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Henry Busse, Al Rinker and Ferde Grofe. Crosby, Rinker and Barris comprised "Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys." Latter had been pianist-singer with George Olsen's band before Whiteman hired him to team with Crosby and Rinker.

(Variety) December 26, 1962

Jack Warner is putting down the red carpet for Bing Crosby's first visit on the Warner Brothers lot to star in "The Devil's Advocate." Der Bingle is getting the best of everything including Henry King to produce and direct Morris L. West's best-selling novel of two years ago. Bing might as well settle in and make himself comfortable because while the story has an Italian setting, most of it will be filmed right at Warner's Studio. Mr. C is very happy about doing this dramatic story, another priest role for him, this one the "Devil's

JUST BITS OF INTEREST.....Cont'd.

Advocate" who delves into whether or not a strange and mysterious man is worthy of becoming a saint.

(Philadelphia Inquirer) Louella Parsons January 15, 1963

Bing Crosby will make his first picture for Warner Brothers after all these years. It's the best-selling "Devil's Advocate," and puts the Groaner back into a reversed collar.

(Metropolitan Daily) January 23, 1963

Kathryn Grant Crosby modeled a Jean Louis creation during a luncheon (Tombola luncheon) in the Orange Gardens at fashionable, exclusive Everglades Club, Palm Beach, Florida. She modeled a silk peignoir which has pantalette effect.

January 24, 1963

Larry Crosby tells me brother Bing is OK after another kidney stone removal.

When I asked about their mother Kate, Larry let me in on a secret. For years the family has tried to find out how old she is. They got no help from her; she even tore out the record page in the family Bible. But a sneaky brother found an old piece of parchment with birth dates of all the Harrigans and sent it to Larry.

So on February 7 she'll celebrate quite a day, but I'm not about to tell you how old she'll be. I'm with Kate.

(Boston Traveler) Hedda Hopper February 7, 1963

George Lefferts has been named producer of "Breaking Point", new Bing Crosby Productions series bowing on ABC-TV next fall. Lefferts produced the pilot of the hourlong dramatic show which deals with psychiatry.

Productions on BCP's series begins at Desilu Gower studios in May. Series is slotted at 10 p.m. Mondays, the spot currently occupied by BCP's "Ben Casey" series which moves to Wednesday next season.

(Variety) March 6, 1963

Mrs. Bing Crosby's proudest achievement: She will soon receive her diploma as a registered nurse.

(Metropolitan Daily) Walter Winchell March 7, 1963

Bing Crosby may join Bob Hope, Judy Garland, Jerry Lewis and Danny Kaye as a weekly television star next season. Bing made a pitch for sponsors on a closed-circuit telecast. He would head a weekly anthology.

(Herald Statesman) March 8, 1963

Bing's Top Money-Making Movies

White Christmas	\$12,000,000
Bells of St. Mary's	8,000,000
High Society	6,500,000
Country Girl	6,500,000
Going My Way	6,500,000
Welcome Stranger	6,100,000
Blue Skies	5,700,000
Road to Rio	4,500,000
Road to Utopia	4,500,000
Emperor Waltz	4,000,000
	<u>\$64,300,000</u>

BING TELLS ON BOB

When I was asked to write a piece about my old friend and saxophone player, Bob Hope, it looked like a good way to get some things said without being interrupted by his wisecracks. I would be able to criticize and appraise the ham on the hoof. Say anything I wished. Call a spade a shovel or hew to the mark and let the chips fall where they would. Then I heard that the tricky editor had invited him to scribble something about me too, not knowing, of course, that he can't write anything but the "x" he signs to his over-sized paycheck. Under the circumstances, I decided to be prudent. (There are laws against libel.) Therefore, I decided to write only the truth—aware, naturally, that the truth would hit home. To start, he's not even Bob Hope. It's Leslie Townes Hope. His defense of this will be that I'm Harry Lillis Crosby, not Bing. But my nickname came honestly. I certainly didn't go through the phone book looking for names like Packy East which he used once as an amateur boxer. Later he became known as Rembrandt Hope—he was on canvas so much. When fans asked how his boxing career was coming, he'd say, "Three and three." "Won three and lost three, you mean?" they asked. "No," he explained. "Knocked out three times. Didn't show up three times." Thus he began his acting career in a horizontal position. Now he's right back there. Getting along in years, you know. We have to let him take things easy. However, in our new picture, as many of you already know, Road to Hong Kong, he makes use of all his acting talents. He pulls Joan Collins and me in a rickshaw, flies with an outboard motor strapped on his back, swallows live fish and rolls his eyes at the usual quota of cuties. On good days he even sings and dances. Altogether, he is the same versatile performer he was 21 years ago when we first started these "Road" pictures.

BOB TELLS ON BING

Writing about Bing Crosby is a job for a historian or a mathematician, not a comedian. To record his early beginnings, you have to consult the old, old books. So let's skip the dust of antiquity and start with our first meeting. Thanks for the memory! Let's see. I was a Boy Scout and had helped an old lady across the street. It turned out to be Crosby. In a cracked voice he said. "I'd give you a dime, young man, but I just invested it." That dime which I didn't get grew and grew. Over the years, with compound interest and investments in oil wells, gadgets and orange juice, it became Fort Knox. Meantime, Harry Lillis Crosby, feeling he should be thankful for his good fortune, developed an emotional frog in his throat. The frog learned to sing. It sold millions of phonograph records and, despite the big ears of its owner, became a star of films and TV, and a sportsman. Which brings us to the five-furlong pole at Del Mar race track. Crosby, riding a horse named Khayam, is lost in the pack. Although he owns the track he realizes he's slipping. The fans will murder him. Seeing me laying in a haymow with a pretty girl wearing a sarong, he dismounts and asks, "Is that timothy or alfalfa?" I told him no, it was Dorothy Lamour. Seeing his sad plight, I agreed to say a few words with him to the crowd before the microphone. The crowd loved me. A Hollywood producer was there. He asked if I'd like to do a picture called Road to Singapore. "Of course we would," Crosby said, cutting himself in ever since. He and the frog hitchhiked with Dottie and me through five more sarong-full "Road" films. And that brings us to the 18th tee of Wentworth Golf Course in Merry England. I was over there to make Road to Hong Kong for Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and keeping in condition with a bit of golf. As misfortune would have it, Crosby was there too. Caddyng. What with raising a second family, he said he needed the money. For

But enough of Hope, the cad. You want to hear about Hope, the man. What's he really like? What makes him tick-besides adrenalin? What kind of golfer is he? What are his ambitions, his bank balance?

I have worked in seven "Road" films with him. During the filming of Panama and Frank's Road to Hong Kong the Crosby family shared a big house in the country with the Hope family. Working with him taught me one thing: Don't share a house with him. You could end up paying all the rent. Sharing a house with him taught me another: Don't work with him-unless your lawyer goes over the contracts.

Actually I have a deep affection for old Ski-Snoot. You have to work with him and live with him, too. I'm never offended when he calls me Money Bags, Old Flab, the Groaner and such terms of endearment. But don't let him kid you about money. He's got treasury specimens that are out of print. When he pauses after telling a joke in that delayed action timing style of his it's not to cue the audience to laugh. He's counting the house to make sure the promoter doesn't short-change him!

It's the same with golf. He counts his score and wins on the first tee. With luck, I'm in the low 70's; he's about six strokes higher. But I never can beat him. He demands too many strokes, won't play until he gets them. When people ask him who wins when we play, he says, "The one who cheats the most." They think he's he's joking.

But he makes losing money to him fun. If you're winning he resorts to psychological warfare, tries to to unnerve you with seemingly innocent little remarks such as, "That never should have hooked in-to the rough. You followed through beautifully!" Or "You were robbed on that putt. Your line on that break was perfect." Next thing you know you're con-

face lifts, things like that.

Suddenly the frog starts singing a song called Teamwork by Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. It's a gay thing about friendship, teamwork and pulling together, about all the "Roads" we'd travelled together. After a performance like that I couldn't say no to him. Besides, it turned out he owns a big hunk of the picture.

That's why you'll be seeing him again in Road to Hong Kong with me and Joan Collins. You'll recognize him easily. He's the one in there stealing the money-and from me, as usual.

Because he was a lonely American, I took him into my home. The Hope family and the Crosby family are sharing a big manor house out in the country near the studio. And believe me it's nice having him around-to shag golf balls, do the laundry, things like that. One day he took the laundry into a launderette and was back in 10 minutes. "Washed already?" I asked, proud of his efficiency. "Nope," he said in that cowboy drawl he learned on his Nevada ranch, "they refused it." I told him that was a very funny gag.

That's why he's famous for his relaxed manner. It's an act to hide the big joker inside. And it's not true that he's unfriendly. If he looks at you blankly, as though you're a zero, just think of the other zeros going through his mind-and the figures and commas and and dollar marks to the left. Salary is not important to him any more. "I'd rather have a good part any time," he says, meaning a part of the profits.

In Road to Hong Kong we get shanghaied into outer space and land on a distant planet. It's supposed to be a gag, but the real reason is Bing is looking for more property to buy. And having two families of children, it's not a bad idea. A one-man population explosion like that owes something to the rest of us.

The End

BING ON BOB

centrating on your follow-through
and your putting line when it's your
left hand overworking.

One thing is certain: he'll never
have to pay me to laugh at him.

The End

Music Journal

September, 1962

Gary Happy to Be a Crosby

Vernon Scott

Hollywood, January 6 (UPI).--The name Crosby in Hollywood can be a cross to bear as well as a blessing, requiring broad shoulders and a thick skin to carry the load.

It has taken Gary Crosby almost 30 years to live comfortably with his famous name, but it appears he has finally solved the problem.

Bing's oldest son has shed 30 pounds in the last two years, had his teeth worked over so that he no longer is in constant pain and, perhaps most important of all, has gone on the wagon.

"I'm shaping up," he grinned during a break in a new movie.

"For a lot of years I had my back to the door. Years when my life didn't have any direction and I had to buy my friends. Yeah, that's right, buy them with money. But I knew what I was doing, and when the money ran out the 'friends' disappeared.

"I didn't lose a single night's sleep about that."

Gary is happily married now and anxious to pursue his career as actor-singer-comedian.

"I've had a tough time becoming a man in this town," he went on.

"At least in the eyes of everyone I know. People don't want to admit I'm almost 30 years old because it makes them seem old in their own minds.

"I'll always be a kid to a lot of people, so I have to work hard to prove that I really do want to make it on my own. I have to show 'em I'm not just a spoiled kid with a million dollars in the bank who doesn't care."

Gary is still on a diet, limited to his lunch by a soft drink. He was sympathetic about the marital difficulties of his brothers, but relieved that his own private life is sailing along smoothly.

"Being a Crosby is something you have to learn to live with," he said. "It has its advantages and disadvantages.

"You want to be one of the fellas, but the rest of the world won't let you. You're different. But you can't give up on yourself and just take the punishment. You gotta look ahead."

Crosby has a co-star role in American-International's "Operation Bikini" and soon will be seen in another movie.

"I'm not concentrating on pictures," he said. "It's going to take a long time to get ahead because I want to work in all fields.

"I plan to spend about 12 weeks a year on the road in night clubs. I take my wife Barbara with me. If you spend any longer than that out of town you can wreck a good marriage.

"The rest of the time I want to spend right here in Hollywood working in pictures, television, cutting recordings and doing drama as well as comedy. It is all a part of building my career slowly, establishing it on a firm foundation."

Crosby, mature and confident, was recently in a segment of the "Ben Casey" television series. The difference in his acting talent is apparent as the changes in his personal life.

"I'm trying to forget about the lean years," he concluded. "You can't look back."

Philadelphia Inquirer

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January 7, 1963

Joan Coughlin
53 Wendell Street
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Joan, aged 16, is in the 9th. grade and is enrolled in a business course. She is the oldest in a family which also includes four brothers, and Joan lists her interests as tennis, bowling, skating, and collecting movie star pictures.

Pat Sullivan - 3134 North 53rd. Street - Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin

RECORD REVIEW

All Star Festival

Here's a special project package undertaken in behalf of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, with all proceeds of worldwide sale earmarked for this worthy charity. Such artists as Bing Crosby, Louis Armstrong, Doris Day, Maurice Chevalier, Ella Fitzgerald, Mahalia Jackson, Nat Cole, Nana Mouskouri, Patti Page, Luis Alberto del Parana, Edith Piaf, Anne Shelton, Caterina Valente, all contributed their offerings without recompense for the cause. The package merits exposure because of good entertainment and a worthy charity beneficiary.
(Billboard)

March 9, 1963

On the record - LAZY RIVER - Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong

This Hoagy "Stardust" Carmichael tune, as easy-going as the river it sings of, puts you in your musical armchair right away. Whether you find yourself visualising the charming scene Bing depicts in the light-hearted way that has made him a living legend, or listening to Satchmo's inimitable babbling you'll soon find that both - in their own style - are paraphrasing the whole motto of the record: "Relax, relax, relax!"

(United Nations UMN-1)

Changed World

John G. Metcalfe

Oh, the world is really changing...When you think about the way... That the older generations...Used to spend the time of day...There was time each day for shopping...In the nearby market place...And the time to do the sewing...And to make a bit of lace...There was time each day for cooking...All those very special things...That a wonderful aroma...To a peaceful household brings...There was time each day for resting...And the chance to sit and talk...And an afternoon's enjoyment...In just going for a walk...Yes, the world is really changing...And now everything is new...But there isn't any moment...For the things we ought to do.

(Philadelphia Inquirer)

March 7, 1963

APRIL

She who from April dates her years,
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.



Kathryn
 Mary Nathaniel
 Frances Harry Jr. (Remus) Bing

One night, not long ago, Gary Crosby and his wife Barbara, invited my husband, Bing and me to dinner. When we arrived, their son, Steve, aged seven, rushed to greet us at the door. "Hi, Grandpa Bing," he shouted. Then, with a second look at me, he added, "And hi, Grandma Kathryn."

It was at that point that I realized-perhaps more than ever before-how fortunate I really am. At the age of twenty-eight, and after barely five years of marriage, I am the natural mother of three children. I have four handsome stepsons and seven grandchildren, not to mention several assorted nieces and nephews on my side of the family. And may I tell you that when this rollicking group gets together at our house for a Sunday afternoon picnic in the back yard, a few three-year-olds may go home with black eyes! But isn't that true of any large family gathering?

I cannot pretend that being married to Bing Crosby is the same as being married to Mr. Joe Anybody. However, although there are considerable differences-such as my premature grandmotherhood-there are many similarities, too. Because of the special nature of Bing's career, many of the things that happen to us might take place in unusual or exotic settings; but, like every other family, we experience worry, happiness, pain, frustration, warmth, anxiety and mutual love.

Do you remember the time one of your youngsters might have taken a header and frightened you out of a year's growth? Well, the Crosbys go through experiences like that, too.

Last spring, for example, one of our dearest friends, Rosemary Clooney, had been working very hard doing television shows and recordings, and I invited her to spend a long and restful weekend with Bing and me at our house in La Cruces, near the southern tip of the Baja peninsula in Mexico. Rosie and I flew down in our private plane. Our

two older children, Harry, Jr. and Mary Frances were already there with their father. Bing and the two youngsters met us at the landing strip in our tiny Renault car, which has wicker seats, no doors and no top. The two miles between the air strip and our house are extremely circuitous and bumpy, and the rule is that the two children always sit in the back, tightly encased in safety belts. However, since Rosemary and I both couldn't sit in the one bucket seat in the front, we climbed in the back with Mary Frances, and Harry sat proudly in the front seat next to Bing (who was driving), holding onto the small chromium bar on the dash-board.

Suddenly, but as if in slow motion, Harry fell out of the car. Right after that, I felt a slight bump. I was positive we had run over him. We sat still for what seemed like an hour but it could only have been a second or two. Bing and I leaped from the car to the small, bloodied body. At that point, and I thank God, Harry started bellowing like a bull. His little face was a mass of dirt and sand and blood and I could see his arm was split to the bone.

Since I am studying to be a nurse, my training told me that I should keep him level and move him as little as possible. As Bing and I bent over him, he said, "I'm sorry, Mommy and Daddy, I won't fall out again!" I came as close to fainting then as I ever have. We had to pick him up and get him into the car, and then we continued to the house. I got as much sand out of Harry's mouth and left eye as I could. Then we wrapped him in a blanket and took him to the plane, where our pilot flew us all to the Social Security Hospital at La Paz, about a five-minute flight from Las Cruces.

I held Harry, and Bing paced outside as X-rays were taken, establishing the fact that we had not run over him. There was no crack in the skull. The marvelous doctor sutured the wounds in his forehead, cheek and forearm. Bing and I spent the night in Harry's room, where he slept under sedation. Rosemary was holding the fort at home, comforting a very disturbed Mary Frances.

The following morning, Harry was allowed to go home. Bing sent a ship-to-shore message from a boat in a harbor to our pediatrician, Dr. John Ragan, in Los Angeles. (Later Dr. Ragan told me that he thought Bing was an excellent ship-to-shore radio operator but not such a hot diagnostician. Bing had told him he thought Harry's skull was fractured because the area around his eye was so swollen.) We then left immediately on the four-and-a-half-hour flight to Los Angeles. Dr. Ragan met us at the airport and we went directly to Children's Hospital. Harry remained there for four days. Today, six months later, Harry is fine although there is still some sand under the left eye, buried in the skin, and he still looks as if he has a black eye. (Which isn't at all unlikely with his sister around!) When I think of the whole nightmare, I recall that poor Rosemary 'Clooney's "long and restful weekend" lasted a total of fifteen grief-torn hours.

As this experience indicates, the life which Bing and I live does encompass the usual happening within the unusual. For the most part, the unusual has to do with geography. When Bing travels, he cannot go to a hotel and simply ask the clerk for rooms for us and the children--any more than the late Clark Gable could or, Cary Grant or John Wayne. He would be mobbed, and so would I and the children. For Bing and me, that is a wonderful expression of affection, but it's just not terribly restful and would defeat the purpose of a vacation. So we have houses in our favorite retreats.

The ranch at Rising River, California is a rambling, one-story home furnished in a rustic style, the kind of place where we wear blue jeans and plaid shirts and where we hunt and fish in the great trout stream

which runs across the property. My sister, Frances Ruth, and her husband, Leonard Meyer, manage the ranch, where we have black Angus and Santa Gertrudis cattle and raise fine quarter horses.

The house at Palm Springs, California, is also a low, one-story house with five incomparable golf courses nearby, which add that smooth sweetness to Bing's disposition. When we are there, he plays every day. (I play, too, but atrociously, I much prefer gallery-ing the experts.) We very rarely have help there and I do all the cooking and what little cleaning is necessary.

The house at Las Cruces, Mexico, is the most remote and restful of all-except when Harry takes a dive out of a car. It can only be reached by private plane which sets down on a small air strip about two miles from our home. There we have no telephone and any messages must be flown in by plane. This house is also one story, made of adobe and red tile. Our boat, "True Love", is anchored in the Gulf of California, and here we fish for the big ones, like sailfish and black and silver marlin. (We always keep a camera handy, leaving no fish stories to chance. When I caught my very first marlin, a 162-pounder, Bing took a picture of me standing proudly alongside of my catch.)

Of course, the home in which we do most of our daily living is the one in Los Angeles. This is an English manor-type house with towering oak, elm and jacaranda trees and beautiful foliage surrounding it. Bing's mother, Mrs. Catherine Crosby, or "Mrs. Senior," as she is now called, lives here with us, as does a fairly large staff, a necessity because we cannot maintain such a large home (which houses my office as well as Bing's) without sufficient help-and let's face it-as a housekeeper, I'm a divine actress.

We are very proud of the fact that each staff member is a very special person. Each one has duties in the house, but also pursues other endeavors. For example, the house manageress. Bernice Milovic, is a registered nurse. She studies every day, working toward her master's degree in education. (We often study together, since I expect to become an R.N. next December.) Bridgette Brennan, Irish as her name, who is baby Nathaniel's nurse, is a golf champion from her native County Tipperary in Ireland. As Bridgette might say it, "t'is a grand sight indeed to see her and Bing on the lawn practicing their chip shots together."

Seventeen-year-old Marielle du Janchay, who has just recently joined us from France to be Harry's and Mary Frances' nurse, will soon go to school to learn to speak English. I want to groom her to be a model for my favorite dress designer, Jean Louis. Leo Lynn, who has been Bing's man for more than 25 years, is the best cruise director in Los Angeles for our guests when he isn't accompanying Bing to Europe or elsewhere; and last summer, his two daughters came to spend two months with Bing and me. Louis Serpe, "Mrs. Senior's" chauffeur, loves to spend his leisure time acting as a sort of camp counselor and social director for the children. (What a change this kind of living is for a little girl from West Columbia, Texas, accustomed to a cleaning lady once a week in her tiny apartment!)

There are other unusual aspects of our life. One is the children's relationship with their famous celebrity father. Not that they know he is a celebrity. When they hear one of his records, they say, "That's Daddy!" But I'm sure they think all daddies sing and make records. When we travel, we never know what to expect. One day in a tiny village in Italy we came across a restaurant called Il Ristorante Bing Crosby! On two other occasions our Palm Springs house was used by the President of the United States when he was visiting there. When my father ran for the Senate seat in Texas vacated by Lyndon

Johnson (which, needless to say, Dad didn't gain). Bing stopped off in Fort Worth, Texas, to campaign for him.

These are some of the differences in our life. But I believe the similarities to the average American life are much more numerous. For instance, I seem to provide my husband with a good many laughs, either at me or with me. The first really hysterical moment in our marriage came not twelve hours after our wedding. After the ceremony, we had flown to Palm Springs. As a brand-new bride, I had insisted that no one be there to help us. I had planned our first dinner together. I decided to create a Jello mold to end all Jello molds. Into the black cherry base I threw walnuts, grapes, marshmallows, bananas, apples and anything else I could find. It was truly beautiful. I shoved it to Bing in the mold, told him to sit down, upended it, tapped the bottom under warm water to get it out of the mold and onto the platter in one piece--and watched in horror as it slipped out of the mold and straight down the garbage disposal. We dined that night in Bing's favorite restaurant. Doesn't this place me squarely in the classic, traditional bride's predicament when she ruins her first meal for her husband?

Another area which I share with most American mothers is the problem of our youngsters' education and the conflict that sometimes arises between a doting father and a dedicated educator. As a student nurse, I'm quite used to being corrected and told what to do and what not to do. But there are not many people who can do this with Bing. I know. I've tried it and it doesn't work very often.

Just recently, however, Harry and Mary Frances entered the Buckley School in Los Angeles. Harry is in kindergarten and Mary Frances attends the nursery school. Bing decided to go to the ranch at Rising River for ten days and told me to inform the school that the children would not be there during that time. In the response to my telephone call, Bing received a letter. It said, in effect, "Dear Mr. Crosby: I'm sorry, but you cannot take the children out of school at this time. We do not consider it wise to interrupt their progress in the middle of a school semester. We will appreciate your co-operation in this matter." It was signed by the principal of the school. Bing took off for Rising River accompanied only by his youngest son, Nathaniel, who is still three years away from Miss Buckley's control.

I have spoken of laughter in our marriage. I might add that in all good marriages, there are also arguments. I would distrust a marriage that didn't have a row every now and again. Let me tell you of one of our better efforts along this line. Bing and I were to leave for Santa Barbara one afternoon at 4:00 P.M. I had to go to a lecture on nursing at Queen of Angels Hospital, where I am studying, but I had packed and promised to be home on time to leave at 4 o'clock. After the lecture, I stopped to talk to some of my classmates about it. I forgot the time. I arrived home, breathless at five minutes after four. Bing had already left for Santa Barbara!

I wept with frustration and fury, both at myself for being late and at Bing for not waiting for me. When he finally called me that evening, I took an offensive stand, deciding that would be the best defense. Bing must have come to the same conclusion. That telephone wire hummed for some time. Bing told me I was thoughtless. I retorted that he was irresponsible. It ended with a goodnight kiss through the phone and protestations of lasting affection, and Bing had Leo Lynn drive me there the following morning. But while it lasted, it was a good, satisfactory fight.

Having Bing to fight with, or to laugh and cry with as his wife, was the furthest thing from my mind when I was placed under contract to Paramount Studios in 1952. I was 18 years old at the time. I had won

BING AND I.....Cont'd.

a number of beauty contests in my native state, of Texas. (One labeled all 101 pounds of me Miss Fat Stock of Houston, 1950.) A talent scout named Art Rush had seen me and had brought me to Hollywood. Being under contract was exciting enough for my young life. I was attending classes at UCLA, working toward my bachelor's degree in fine arts, while at the studio I was being pumped full of knowledge in such skills as drama, singing and dancing. At the end of a day, I would go home and simply collapse with fatigue.

But one morning on the Paramount lot, my life became even more exciting. I was escorting some friends visiting from Texas when Bing Crosby rode by on a bicycle. He called out, "Hi, Tex." I replied, "Hello, Mr. Crosby." He invited all of us to have tea with him. I thought he was very nice and so polite. So did my friends. But for the time being, that was that.

Some time later, after I had screamed mightily in one film, and had been nearly murdered in another, Paramount failed to pick up my option. I was, in show business parlance, "at liberty." By now, I had had dinner a few times with Bing, but then he had left the city and I hadn't heard from him in some time. I was miserable, but luckily, Columbia Pictures tested me and they placed me under contract. Now my career was booming, my studies were coming along well, I had very little time for dating and not much inclination to date, anyway. The men I met just weren't like Bing Crosby. To me he was suave, fascinating and terribly kind. He seemed to enjoy being with me for what I like to think was my intelligent naivete.

During a twelve-week hiatus in my film contract, I decided to go back to the University of Texas to finish school and receive my degree there. My mother, who was a schoolteacher, attended classes with me, and I did get the degree. It was a very proud moment when I handed that sheepskin to my father, who was also a teacher in the small town of West Columbia, Texas, where I was born and reared. Dad always insisted that no matter what happened, I should finish my education.

I returned to Hollywood and rented a small apartment (incidentally my first, since I had always lived in Los Angeles with my Southern aunt and uncle, Mary and Guilbert Banks) and resumed acting at Columbia. Then one night, right out of the blue, Bing called to invite me to attend the Academy Awards ceremonies. He had been nominated as best actor for his work in "Country Girl". Needless to say, I accepted.

I was in a dither for days about what to wear. The studio offered to lend me a dress once worn by Rita Hayworth for a film, but I decided I wasn't the type. I finally bought the perfect dress, a simple off-white lace gown.

Walking down the aisle that night to the seats reserved for Bing as a nominee, we were the cynosure of all eyes. The next morning, although Bing lost out to Marlon Brando, our pictures were in all the newspapers. I believe the press devoted more space to speculating about whether or not we would get married than they did when we did get married.

On October 24, 1957, I became Mrs. Bing Crosby in St. Anne's Church in Las Vegas, Nevada. The immediate events leading up to the ceremony were nothing short of chaotic. First of all, Bing's proposal was a bit unorthodox. We hadn't seen each other for several months. I was on tour for a motion picture, and Bing had also been away on a film location. One Sunday morning, I was dressing in my apartment to go to church for an early Mass. The telephone rang and it was Bing. He said, "Kathryn, what I have to say to you will take only about a mi-

nute." I said, "Good, that's about all I have because I'm on my way to church." Bing said, "Let's get married!" That was, for me, the historic moment. A few days later, we were in Las Vegas for the ceremony.

Just before the ceremony, reporters got wind of the impending wedding because naturally, we had had to apply for a marriage license. I applied under my real name, Olive Kathryn Grandstaff. Bing applied under his real name, Harry Lillis Crosby, but no one was really fooled. Since we wanted to have a lovely, reverent and quiet service, Bing told reporters we would be married somewhere near the ranch he then owned in Elko, Nevada. Instead, Aunt Mary and I arrived in Las Vegas and stayed at a hotel, where we registered under the names of Mary Banks and daughter.

The morning of the wedding, I came downstairs dressed in my first Jean Louis suit, wearing a single strand of pearls and a mink stole borrowed from Aunt Mary. Leo Lynn, Bing's man, met us in the lobby. "Happy is the bride when the sun shines," he boomed. I looked desperately around for a doorway in which to duck, but there was no doorway and it was all too late anyway. The press was waiting. Notwithstanding, the ceremony was quiet and lovely, although I confess I don't think I would have noticed had they released a rocket in the church.

With marriage, Bing and I settled down to a life which because of its specialized situations, could hardly be called routine. First, there were the comments about the difference in our ages, a circumstance to which Bing and I have never given much thought at all. In any good marriage, in which both partners truly love each other, what possible difference does it make what age each is? Secondly I acquired a rather large family. Bing's sons, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay, by his marriage to Dixie Lee Crosby, who died several years ago, did not know exactly how to consider me. The boys, all in their twenties, revere the memory of their mother. I certainly wasn't their mother, yet I was their father's wife. But, as in all close family relationships, we resolved the awkward period by making a real effort to get to know one another.

I started a series of Sunday afternoon get-togethers where Philip's wife, Sandra, Dennis' wife Pat, Lindsay's wife, Barbara, and Gary's wife, also a Barbara would all make their culinary favorites bring them to the house, and we would picnic in the yard. Then the boys and their wives would have us over to their houses for spaghetti dinners and the like. We talk babies, and Sandra even had me with her when godson number 1, Brian Patrick, was born. Godson number 2 Patrick Anthony, was born at another hospital-and they don't allow stray midwives, mothers-in-law or not in the delivery room.

The old saw about not really knowing someone until you live with him was as applicable in my marriage as it is in anyone else's. I had to get to know Bing, too, well as the rest of the family. I had to accustom myself to his peripatetic habits, his likes and dislikes in food, fashions and other fundamentals. For one thing, I discovered that, although Bing has always had a reputation for favoring wildly-colored plaid jackets and one purple sock and one red one (worn simultaneously), this is not basically true. Although Bing is usually casual in his dress, he gets more than mildly disturbed when his sartorial composition is not perfect. I once saw him in an absolute agony because he could not find a white tie to wear his full dress suit to a formal party. He had to wear a black tie and a dinner jacket and he spent the evening being self-conscious and miserable.

I also discovered that he has a passion for clocks. This fits with his similar passion for being on time. As a result, I've given him



Bing Harry Mary
 Jr. Frances Kathryn

seven different kinds of clocks for birthdays and anniversaries.

All my gifts to Bing, too, are tailored to his particular likes and dislikes. Once for Christmas I gave him a rubber fishing raft. He had been complaining that the regular rowboats made too much noise and frightened away the fish.

Perhaps my most unusual gift to Bing is a complete journal, accompanied by thousands of pictures, of every trip we have taken. When we went to Rome for the 1960 Olympic Games and then on to Vienna and Paris, I kept a diary of everything we saw and did and, when we got home, I found I had written 140 pages! Then in the autumn of 1961, we went with Bob and Dolores Hope to London, where Bing and Bob made "The Road to Hong Kong". I was expecting Nathaniel then and had plenty of time to recount in my diary some of the hilarious experiences we had living with the Hopes, such as the total inability of our jointly-shared, very British butler to accustom himself to our very American informal ways. I wrote pages about how the butler became outraged when our brilliant photographer friend, Phil Stern, superimposed caricatures of Bing's and Bob's heads atop the bodies of two unknown gentlemen in a seventeenth-century painting in the manor house in which we were staying.

Among the more amazing things I have discovered about my husband is that he has a real flair for interior decorating, even though he goes about it in an unorthodox, one-step-leading-to-the-other way. It all began when Bing announced one day that the living room in our Los Angeles home seemed very dark to him. I was delighted when he said that, because I had been going quietly blind trying to read in there. We decided to have the room painted and chose an off-white color with a faint shade of green which we copied from the petal of a flower in one of our treasured Viaminck paintings. That Christmas, Bing presented

me with a magnificent eighteenth-century Sheraton breakfront. He then decided that the draperies looked a bit shabby next to the opulence of the breakfront. Together we chose a creamy-white quilted fabric for the new draperies. In Bing's methodical step-by-step fashion, we then acquired two eighteenth-century Adams chairs, four Louis XV chairs with the original tapestry still intact, new front hall draperies (chosen exclusively by Bing), two Hepplewhite commodes and two paintings by Riche. In this way, we gradually transformed our home into a replica of the English manor Bing so admires.

In the same way that he has collected good furniture, so has Bing also collected good friends over the years. Phil Harris and his wife, Alice Faye; Bing's top writer, Bill Morrow, and his wife, Mary; actor William Gargan and his wife, Mary; John Scott Trotter, music conductor and antique dealer; and industrialist Leonard Firestone and his wife, Polly, might make up our guest list for one of our small dinner parties.

But the best times of all for the Crosbys are the quiet times when Bing and I and the children are at home together. In the evening, after the kids are in bed, Bing and I sit together in the den. We read (Bing voraciously reads everything from William Faulkner to the popular and esoteric magazines) or we watch television. Bing's favorite program, not too surprisingly, is "Ben Casey, which is done by his own company, Bing Crosby Productions. He does occasionally grumble about the show because, he says, "it comes on too late." We like to be in bed by ten.

During our daytime hours, we react with parental pride when our three-year-old daughter, Mary Frances, becomes the first child of her age to earn her Red Cross swimming certificate. Bing looks ecstatic when he has finally taught four-year-old Harry how to pound a nail in a board without taking off a finger. I glow with a special warmth when I hear Bing in the nurse's office singing one-year-old Nathaniel to sleep.

It is during these moments that I often think of a book written a few years ago by my husband entitled, "Call Me Lucky", and I say to myself again and again, "Call me Mrs. Lucky."
(Good Housekeeping) March, 1963

Kathryn Grant Crosby's Prayer For Her Children:

"I want them to know love - the sort of love I've had from my parents for as long as I can remember. And I want them to know to need, too-not for money or position, but for...accomplishment...and the joy in achieving respect of and for other people, 'Amen!'"
(Modern Screen) January, 1962

The Thaw Ben Burroughs
Now the snows are melting fast...icicles disappear...and the high sun tells me...spring is drawing near...birds seem more abundant...sprigs of grass break through...and this great transition...is pleasant to view...mankind has grown tired...of the winter scene...eyes seem to be searching...for summertime green...mufflers are discarded...gloves are prone to hide...children become anxious...to cavort outside...here and there I see them...braving slushy ground...theirs is optimism...certain to astound...so it goes, year after year...an unwritten law...eagerly we wait to see...what comes after the thaw.
(New York Journal American) March, 1962

It's journal time again. So much has happened since last time, I really don't know where to begin. So, we'll follow the calendar! Vacation first---

After meeting Pat Sullivan in Chicago, we travelled on to New York City via Detroit and Niagara Falls. After several minor odd happenings one experiences while travelling, we arrived in New York City twelve hours earlier (Sunday Evening) than planned. But, alas! NO SUITCASES! Pat's finally arrived Monday Night. Mine, after giving up all hope of ever seeing it again, arrived Tuesday night. I had already consoled myself to the fact that I'd have to wear my gray suit, which I had been wearing since Friday night when I left San Francisco, to Rena's house on Wednesday night. It was like getting a new wardrobe! Rena met us outside the theatre, where we went to see, "Mr. President". We then went to Grand Central Station like typical commuters to take the New York Central Railroad to Yonkers. Mrs. Albanesi picked the three of us up at the station and drove us to their home. After a delicious dinner, which her grandmother had waiting for us, we meandered down to Rena's "Crosby Room" and went crazy looking through her numerous pictures. Then we went upstairs to show a few of my movies I had brought with me. Pat and I took the midnight train back to New York City. We certainly enjoyed meeting Rena's family and spending more time with Rena again. Rena also spent Friday with us. We saw the Christmas show at Radio City Music Hall. Then we met Mary Maloney for dinner. We had quite a time getting out of New York City. Our bus was supposed to leave at 7:00 Saturday night. So, we got to the depot around 5:30. We stood in line until 9:30 when our bus finally left for Chicago. The next week I stayed with Pat in Milwaukee. As we started to go to church Christmas Eve, it started snowing. Such a lovely start for my FIRST WHITE CHRISTMAS. We went to Pat's parents to open presents. When I awoke Christmas morning, I looked out the window and saw such a lovely sight. The ground and roofs were covered with the newly fallen snow. We don't see snow in California (except on very rare, history making occasions) unless we go quite a distance. And, this was indeed a treat to a native Californian. Christmas 1962 will be one I will never forget.

Because of my vacation being at the end of December, I really didn't get too excited about the golf tournament until the last minute this year. Most of my girlfriends backed out of going for one reason or another at the last minute, but Nancy Aslanian and I went anyway. And, we had one of the best times ever. We talked to Bing on Saturday and Sunday. We spent both days at Pebble Beach because we knew Bing would be there. And, we saw more stars this year than before, because of this. I am sure Bing knows me now, as everytime I'd walk up to him, he'd talk with me. Also, whenever I started taking movies, he'd glance my way and smile or wave. He also posed for a picture with me Sunday. Besides Bing, we saw Nancy's other favorite singer, John Raitt, plus Lucille Ball, Ray Lillard, Dennis Morgan, Tommy Harmon and Elyse Knox, Donald O'Connor, Gordon MacRae and Phil Harris, and many golf greats. Bing looked very well and I was quite surprised to hear about his kidney operation within a week after the tournament. I sincerely hope he will be oaky now. The weather both days was the best I've seen at Pebble Beach in January. I've been going to the tournament since 1959. This year was my 5th. Crosby Clambake and you can be sure I'll return next year. Pat Sullivan will have moved to California by the time this journal is out and I'm hoping she and her girlfriend Marcia will like it well enough to make California her

permanent home. I'm looking forward to having Pat accompany me to the tournament in '64.

That's about it for this time. To close, here's a few news clippings----

Monterey paper, January 19, 1963---IT SHOULDN'T SNOW TOMMOROW, SAYS THE WEATHERMAN---Perfect golfing weather --- "clear and cool" --- is what the Weatherman predicts for tomorrow, the final day of the 22nd annual Bing Crosby Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament.

And several thousand golf fans hope the man has changed his luck. Last year on Saturday he predicted it would be "mostly fair" for the final day of Bing's Clambake on the Peninsula. And it snowed.

In a public apology, the weatherman said last year an accumulation of unusual atmospheric conditions sneaked in to double-cross him. He also said that if he HAD predicted snow on the Peninsula for that infamous Sunday the golf fans and players would have packed him off in a strait jacket.

Things look so good today he's willing to go out on a limb again; No snow tomorrow and no sleet or rain, either. Perhaps a little frost, but otherwise clear and cool for the finale.

Even so, Crosby is taking no chances. He has two Air Force chaplains in his tournament this year who will pray for play.

S.F. Examiner, January 21, 1963 --- AT THE STAR-STUDDED 'CROSBY' By Joan Woods --- Pebble Beach, January 20 --- With celebrities on the fairways and in the galleries the 22nd. Annual Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur Golf Championship is heading toward a glorious ending today under flawlessly blue skies.

And the show business stars are having a good time at the parties, too. Bob Crosby was in a kidding mood Saturday night at Francis I. Brown's party at his fabulous hilltop home in Monterey and introduced himself as "Perry Como's brother."

Another of Bob's wisecracks, which was spread all over Pebble Beach with glee was the anecdote about the spectator who came up to him and said:

"Hello, Mr. Crosby."

"I'm Bob, the other one's Mr. Crosby," he shot back.

The other Mr. Crosby, nursing a cold that kept him in the press tent away from the biting Pebble Beach winds, also showed up at the Brown party. He was minus his wife, Kathryn, who was called to New York on business.

Another Kathy Crosby appeared though. She was Bob's daughter, who stole the show with her extremely bouffant black hairdo and her low cut blue flowered dress.

It was no mean trick staying in the spotlight at this affair when you look at the guest list. Phil Harris, Mr. Brown's house guest, was holding sway in the kitchen while his petite blonde wife, Alice Faye, held court in the living room seated next to Tennessee Ernie Ford. Harris, whose drinking bouts are legendary, stuck to grasshoppers as his team, one of the leaders during the entire tournament, was scheduled to play in the finale the next day.

Anne Jeffries, with her husband Robert Sterling, swept in wearing an ankle length mink coat. They joined Gordon MacRae in sampling the Hawaiian delicacies, such as fried lily rood and lau lau, which Mr. Brown had had flown in from his Island home for the party.

Del Monte Lodge was thronged all weekend with the starstruck and the celebrity seekers who were amply rewarded with glimpses of John Raitt

News From the West Coast.....Cont'd

and Donald O'Connor. "The" redhead, Lucille Ball, whose husband Gary Morton was playing, attracted almost as large a following as golf pro Arnold Palmer.

No matter what their age, the Crosby Tournament has something for everyone and all agreed today that they had a whale of a time. In more ways than one!

The golfers AND the celebrities lost the spotlight briefly Saturday when off Del Monte's 18th hole, a playful school of five whales appeared and cavorted in the surf for an hour.

HONOR BING FOR RETARDED CHILDREN HELP---

A plaque will be presented to Bing Crosby tomorrow thanking him for boosting the building fund for the Gate-Way Center for retarded children of the Monterey Peninsula.

The Crosby Foundation has contributed \$16,000 in proceeds from the National Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament for the center.

Presenting the plaque to Bing will be Mayor L.M. Pollard of Monterey and Charles Shirley, chairman of the board of trustees of the Monterey Peninsula Council for Retarded Children.

Newsweek, December 31, 1962 --- GREAT 'WHITE' WAIT: As a Texas teenager in her native Weatherford, singer Mary Martin won a talent contest with her imitation of idol Bing Crosby. The grand prize: A one-year pass to the movie theater. By 1940 she was warbling with Crosby in a picture called, "Rhythm on the River", and the next year the two were to star in, "Holiday Inn." But mother-to-be Mary had to bow out of the film, and Bing sang "White Christmas" alone. For the next two decades, Bing went right on being Bing while Mary was scoring on Broadway and TV ("South Pacific," "The Sound of Music," "Peter Pan"). This week, in an ABC-TV show taped in Hollywood, Martin and Crosby teamed up at last on "White Christmas", along with other songs and some Crosby-style patter. Bing, "How was the trip from New York?" Mary, "Wonderful, I had a lovely flight." Bing, "Well, you'll never get me to go on Peter Pan Airlines."

P.S. Hope you all enjoyed Bing's appearance on the Dinah Shore Show on February 17th. I was very lucky, as I was able to see Bing for the first time on a color TV set. My girlfriend, Carolyn Phelan, had gotten a colored TV not too long ago and she promised, "The first time Bing appears on a show in color, I want you to come over." Nancy Aslanian came over to watch Bing in color with Carolyn and me. Oh, those BLUE EYES!

From Pat Quyle of 4117 Sunridge Road - Pebble Beach, California

Well, the tournament has come and gone, and I agree with Bing when he said that this was the best one ever. I saw him quite a bit this year and he looked very tan and fit. One day he wore cowboy boots! I saw Kathy for the first time and she's much cuter in person. She left early to go to New York and model as you probably know. I watched Bing hit out balls at Cypress Point again and saw him around the courses quite often. When someone asked him how his kids were, he smiled and said, "which group? A or B?"

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

Television Doings

Bing, Mary Martin Dispel Christmas Show Monotony

Harry Harris

Monday's Bing Crosby - Mary Martin collaboration offered a most pleasant collection of songs-seasonal, standard and special. Particularly enjoyable were two numbers whomped up for the occasion - "Phone Book Song," which had the magical Mary injecting lilt and laughter into the reading of traffic signs, a pillow-stuffing tag, a mailbox legend, traffic tickets (ordinary and Beverly Hills variety, a French menu and, finally, long lists of telephone directory names; and "Doin' the Bing," in which a Crosby costume and mannerism-mimicking chorus performed a sit-down dance at the tempo set by their languid leader.

A wildly extravagant red-carpet greeting for Miss. Martin included everything from a Mardi Gras and a May pole to marching Boy and Girl Scouts and monogrammed "His" and "Hers" pizzas. "Our first anniversary," Mary noted blissfully at one well-along point. "This number has been going on for one year!"

Other highlights were a bright Bing & Mary musical "conversation," climaxed by a swinging "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie;" several ear-pleasing instrumental interludes by pianist-harpsichordist Andre Previn & Friends, and an eminently fitting "Let There Be Peace" by a 90-kid "United Nations" choir.

The proceedings began with "This Is a Lovely Way to Spend an Evening" and "This Is a Grand Occasion." It proved to be a strictly non-phony come-on.

(Philadelphia Inquirer)

December 26, 1962

Three weeks ago when ABC decided against taking the Bing Crosby golf tournament at Pebble Beach because of the upped fee to \$100,000 for the rights, Bob Breckner, prez of KTTV, aided and abetted by two newcomers to the local tv scene-Wally Gould and Bill Smith moved in to take it over for national coverage. But they had no network for simultaneous broadcast so they started to organize their own. In a matter of two weeks, using every known means of communication, they lined up 116 stations servicing 95% of all tv homes in the nation. Every major market took the golf classic for two days (Jan. 19-20) including the CBS - TV - owned KMOX in St. Louis.

A Hollywood indie tv station has again fooled the experts who said it couldn't be done. In the early days of the A-bomb when it was exploded on the flats of Nevada, the late Klaus Landsberg, engineering genius and manager of KTLA, asked the telephone company to string a line to Las Vegas for the pickup. He was politely told they wouldn't do it for a one-shot. So hopping from hilltop to hilltop in a 'copter, he strung together his own circuit and KTLA carried the blast.

As an experiment never before attempted on such a grand scale, it may not prove a highly profitable venture but it gave the indie, soon to pass from the L.A. Times-Mirror to Metromedia, the stature of a real live network. Early estimates were that the sold-out sponsorship would yield \$310,000, with line charges running to around \$150,000. Stations were paid 50% of their card rate against the networks' 30%. In the matter of one week, Texaco and Kemper Insurance each were sold one-third of the two-day tournament, and ninths went to Hertz, L & M and Haggar Slacks. Net proceeds go to the Bing Crosby Youth Fund.

From the sidelines, this from an indie rival, Strech Adler of KTLA: they deserve a world of credit. They showed that it could be done.

(Variety)

January 23, 1963

Television Doings.....Cont'd.

Bing Crosby Guest of Dinah Shore

Dinah Shore has done more than 500 TV shows of assorted lengths, but not until last night's program on NBC did Bing Crosby appear as her guest. They sang together as if they'd been a team forever.

They opened like two singing machine-guns with "You'll Never Get Away" and closed with a medley that rippled with tricky rhythms, interrupted by those subtle asides at which Bing is master.

In between their duets, Al Hirt tooted his trumpet and a dandy folk song act, Bud and Travis, entertained. But Dinah and Bing are a tough act to follow, or precede.
(Evening Bulletin)

February 18, 1963

The first TV collaboration of wartime USO cronies Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore Sunday night was a most pleasant songathon, enhanced by breezy badinage. The chemistry was there, and so, most of the time, was the sound.

B.C. and D., solo, together and with and without an A.-portly trumpeter Al Hirt, who volunteered to make the duet a quartet-served up an attractive compendium of tunes and quips, linked by musical introductions sung by the Even Dozen.

Besides the casual Crosby, welcome first-time "Dinah Shore Show" guests were the guitar-strumming, folk-singing team of Bud & Travis.

From opening colloquy-"Hi Bing." "Evening, Miss Dinah." - to mutual mmm-wahs!, this hour was a swinger.
(Philadelphia Inquirer)

February 19, 1963

Dinah Shore's show became a major event with the addition of Bing Crosby to its cast. The presence of Der Bingle was not only a valuable asset to its entertainment values, but he seemed to excite every department as well. The intros by the male chorus was one of the plusses evident, which also included the colorful trumpeting of Al Hirt and the folk efforts of Bud & Travis. Not the least were the songs by the hostess herself. It all added up to Dinah's best presentation this season.

Bing's casual air and humor-laden renditions generated excitement. "In a Little Spanish Town" and "Quizas, Quizas, Quizas" comprised his first medley, and then with Miss. Shore sat down for a lighthearted and gay session of singing and banter. It was an easy, graceful stint by a pair of pros. Crosby also seemed a bit thinner than usual, but didn't let it interfere with his work. He seems ageless.

(Variety)

February 20, 1963

Rerouted 3 Times

Bing Crosby Yacht No Land Cruiser

San Diego, Dec. 14 (UPI)-Bing Crosby had a problem-and it took the combined efforts of the California Highway Patrol, the Oceanside and San Diego Police Departments and the Marine Corps to solve it.

The help of all these agencies has been required since Wednesday to move the crooner's cabin cruiser from Newport Beach to Mexico.

The cruiser was loaded aboard a truck at Newport Beach Wednesday for the normal 4-hour drive to the international border.

First difficulty was encountered on U.S. 101 at the Del Mar overpass. Clearance is 14 feet 5 inches and the cruiser is 15 feet 2 inches high.

Highway patrolmen received permission from the Marine Corps to allow the truck to make a detour on Camp Pendleton.

But Marine Corps engineers were reinforcing a bridge inside the camp in preparation for the arrival of 10,000 troops from the Caribbean area this weekend.

Rerouted 3 Times.....Cont'd.

The trip was delayed overnight and resumed yesterday morning after the bridge was reinforced.

The next problem came at Oceanside where Christmas decorations were strung across Hill Street 14 feet 6 inches from the ground.

Oceanside police and the Highway Patrol helped reroute the truck through side streets and down U.S. 395 to Clairemont Mesa.

San Diego police then took over and helped guide the truck through side streets.

The truck and cruiser finally got back on U.S. 101 late yesterday for the final half mile stretch before crossing into Tijuana, Mexico.
(Los Angeles Times) December 14, 1962

Submitted by: Edward Rice - 647 Lanny Avenue - LaPuente, California

If Bing Loses His Voice

Hal Humphrey

Bing Crosby's voice sounds as good as ever, although for the last 10 years he kept insisting it's "over the hill".

"I never know how it will come out," he says. "As a result. I've made more comebacks than Melba."

To hedge against the day when his pipes get too rusty for singing, Crosby is thinking about a dramatic anthology series for TV, which he would host and sometimes play guest star.

After his Christmas eve special with Mary Martin, Crosby's three year contract with ABC-TV expired.

Crosby was a little peeved at ABC last year when it didn't buy a new Bing Crosby Enterprises pilot film for a series titled "Come A-Runnin'" with a new young actor named Linden Chiles. Later, CBS got interested, but ABC wouldn't bend its exclusivity lien with Bing.

If things come to the worst and Crosby finds himself unemployed, he can probably get by with the rent he collects from subletting his lush desert home south of Palm Springs.

His No. 1 tenant recently has been President Kennedy, who has availed himself of the place on two occasions.

"It's a good arrangement for him, because the house is up against a mountain," says Crosby. "The secret service boys like it for that reason, and they get to relax more. The president pays the rent right on the nose too. Sent me a nice little gift this last time."

Crosby didn't say what the gift was, but for a broken down singer who has everything, you've got to come up with more than just the Hope diamond.

Another economic hedge for Bing is wife Kathryn. He reports she has been studying the last five years to be a nurse.

"I think she's about to get that diploma," says he, "and when that happens she's going to be after me for a role in "Ben Casey." I've seen that look in her eye every time she tunes it in.

(Milwaukee Journal)

December 30, 1962

Submitted by Pat Sullivan

Please do acknowledge your journals. Make out renewals to me not to the "Club Crosby". I have some back copies of, "Bingang" available - June, 1959 - October, 1959 - February, 1960 - June, 1960 - August, 1961 - December, 1961 - April, 1962 - August, 1962 - December, 1962. These issues are 35¢ each, plus 8¢ postage for each. We also have some copies of the May, 1961 issue which was the 25th. anniversary issue, this is 50¢ plus 10¢ postage.



Bing on the Cypress Point
Golf Club

Dear Bing

May we take this opportunity to thank you again for bringing your National Pro-Amateur Golf Championship to the Monterey Peninsula.

The many benefits associated with this grand event are greatly appreciated...charitable and otherwise.

May clear skies and sunshine prevail and may your 1963 Clambake be the greatest.

January 16, 1963

Bing Crosby's "Clambake" Here to Stay

Fred Sorri

"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night" will ever move the Crosby golf tournament from the Monterey Peninsula.

That's a promise made by Bing Crosby on the eve of his 22nd National Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament which begins tomorrow.

Since it snowed last year, there was added flurry to the annual rumor that the Crosby might end or go elsewhere. But Bing just said that is not going to happen.

In an interview off the 18th green at Cypress Point, the dapper sponsor of the tournament set the record straight.

He branded as "completely erroneous" a recent story in a metropolitan newspaper which said he was displeased because the tournament

Bing Crosby's Clambake Here to Stay.....Cont'd.

had gotten so big it had become a chore for him.

"The bigger it is the more money we raise for charity. For that reason alone, I want it to get tremendous," he said.

With his index finger, he pushed back his forest-green Tyrolean hat festooned with the usual feathers and the badge of honorary chief of police of Monterey. He wore a beige cashmere sweater and green tweed slacks.

Leaning on his putter in a stance familiar the world over, he said:

"This tournament is not a chore for me. As a matter of fact, I don't do any work. I have a staff for that. The only thing I do is make up the field and that is not really a chore, though leaving out some of my friends is unpleasant for me."

As for the annual rumor about moving the tournament from the Peninsula because of the weather, he said:

"That is ridiculous. I will never move it from here no matter what the weather. This is the most famous golf center in the world."

January 16, 1963

Seaside Says Thanks to Bing

Gratitude of the City of Seaside to Bing Crosby was expressed last night in a resolution unanimously passed by the Seaside City Council.

The council noted in its resolution that the National Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament has in its 22 years raised over \$1 million dollars for such projects as youth centers and hospitals.

"The people of Seaside, having the largest proportion of young people on the Monterey Peninsula, have benefited greatly from the generosity and farsightedness of Bing Crosby in providing funds to assist our youth," the resolution states in part.

In the resolution, the city fathers congratulated Bing "on his reaffirmation of his resolve to continue to sponsor his tournament in this area" and thanked him "for the enormous help he has made possible for youth recreation and development activities in this area and throughout California."

The council ordered an inscribed copy of the resolution presented to "Harry Lillis Crosby" and it invited Bing to be the city's guest at any time convenient to him to visit Seaside and "personally inspect the good works which his generosity has made possible."

In Seaside the Crosby Fund has made possible construction of the youth center. It has helped acquire recreational property. The city's first tennis court was just completed in Metz Park and the Crosby Tournament proceeds paid half of its \$8,000 cost.

January 18, 1963

Bing: Best Crosby Golf Tournament Ever

Genial host Bing Crosby last night told guests at the Crosby Clambake Victory Dinner that the 1963 National Pro-Amateur Championship was the "best ever."

An overflow crowd turned out at the Monterey Fairgrounds auditorium to honor chunky golf pro Billy Casper on his spectacular one-stroke victory in the \$50,000 charity tournament.

Crosby serving as casual master of ceremonies for a "million dollar" variety show cited the four days of "perfect weather" that helped attract record galleries to the three picturesque Monterey Peninsula golf courses.

Best Crosby Golf Tournament Ever.....Cont'd.

"I ascribe the perfect weather to the fact that we had two padres in the field for the first time," Crosby quipped. "They're going to be regular entrants from now on."

He was referring to two Air Defense Command chaplains, Father Len Scannell and Father John Durkin, who played with pros Larry Mowrey and Bill Bisdorf.

Crosby went on to praise the hard-working marshals and other volunteer workers who make the tournament a success.

"It takes the grass roots to make the tournament work," Bing said.

The star-studded victory dinner was highlighted by the presentation of a plaque to Bing. State Sen. Fred Farr of Carmel presented a Senate resolution praising Crosby for the tournament contribution of "more than one million dollars for youth centers in California."

"Please send three copies to the Internal Revenue Department," Crosby quipped.

After the distribution of trophies and monies, Crosby acted as master of ceremonies for a spectacular review headlined by singer Rosemary Clooney and the comedy team of Rowan and Martin. In addition, the show included the illusions of magician Gerd Maron, the music of Buddy Cole's orchestra the Dixieland of Bob Crosby's Bobcats, the rock-and-roll singing of Bob Crosby's young son Chris and the juggling of the Half Brothers.

Tournament entrant Jean Luis DuPont of France was a volunteer foil for the juggling act.

And, then it was time again for Bing to sing his traditional sign-off number "Now is the Hour." The most successful Crosby Tournament in history was over.

January 21, 1963

(These articles all appeared in copies of the Monterey Peninsula Herald.)

Bing's Invitation to the Tournament:

Come Join the Clambake

Here we go Again!

The big question lately has become not "Who will win?" but "What will the weather be?"

And if you can call it, you can get any price, so pray. Recalls the story of Father Kelly, a keen if somewhat erratic golfer.

Coming up to a tightly guarded green one day, he was advised by his caddy to use a No. 3 iron.

"I think I can make it with a 4 iron," Father Kelly answered, "I will take a full swing and pray."

The ball plopped into a trap short of the green.

"I guess," said the Father, "the good Lord did not hear me."

"Could be," cracked the caddy, "but in my church, when we pray, we keep our heads down."

So keep your heads down and pray.

In any event, I hope everybody has a real good time.

Bing